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New-York Daily Tribune.

FOUNDED BY HORACE GREELEY

SUNDAY, JUNE 5, 1892.

TWENTY-EIGHT PAGES.

THE NEWS THIS MORNING.

Foreign.—Twenty-seven of the volunteers engaged in rescue work at the Birkenberg mine, in Bohemia, lost their lives. ==== The Budget Committee of the Italian Chamber of Deputies limited to one month the credit urged by the Ministry. ==== Much damage has been done by storm in Canada. ==== Robert Louis Stevenson complains of misgovernment in Samoa.

Congress.—The House in session: The Postal Appropriation bill was passed. ==== The Senate Committee on Immigration examined John I. Davenport on the naturalization frauds in New-York City.

Domestic.—Mr. Blaine sent his resignation as Secretary of State to the President; it was accepted. ==== The Republican National Committee met in Minneapolis and considered the cases of contesting delegations to the Convention. ==== The trial of E. K. McElwaine, for aiding and abetting the escape of O'Brien, the "bunco steerer," resulted in a verdict of acquittal; Keeper Buck was sentenced to Auburn for three years. ==== The graduating class at West Point executed cavalry manoeuvres.

City and Suburban.—Much excitement was caused among New-York Republicans by the news of Mr. Blaine's resignation. ==== The annual spring regatta of the Larchmont Yacht Club was held successfully. ==== Winners at Morris Park: Astoria, Rex, Freemason, Tammany, Entre and Sir George. ==== The New-York baseball team defeated the Louisville nine and Brooklyn, Cleveland. ==== Arrangements were made by the Illinois Central Railroad for the purchase of the Louisville, New-Orleans and Texas. ==== Stocks depressed by selling chiefly for the short account and rumors of injury to the staple crops. The closing was drooping and superficially weak.

The Weather.—Forecast for to-day: Warmer and partly cloudy, with showers. Temperature yesterday: Highest, 69 degrees; lowest, 61; average, 64 3-4.

Until Captain Lugard's official report reaches England it will evidently be impossible to adjudicate on the merits of the Uganda imbroglio. As Mr. Smalley suggests in his cable dispatch, the circumstances point to a unique religious warfare between two bands of African savages, Protestant and Roman Catholic converts, with English officers and French missionaries as their respective abettors, and a Maxim gun as an agent of Protestant supremacy. It seems clear that the Protestants have the upper hand; but although Mwanga, the Catholic leader, is a notorious rascal, the event is not likely to excuse Captain Lugard if he is found unwisely to have taken sides in this curious quarrel.

The learned Orientalists who assembled at Stockholm in 1889 for their Ninth International Congress were a little amazed at the pomp and circumstance with which King Oscar's enthusiastic officers invested their reception. King Charles of Portugal, who is to preside at the next Congress in Portugal, in September, possesses, like his father, claims to genuine scholarship, and the delegates will find themselves in a thoroughly congenial atmosphere. The programme already outlined embraces an elaborate round of festivities and excursions, as well as a session in Spain's storied Alhambra. Even if no startling discoveries are announced, therefore, the tenth Congress may prove memorably interesting and instructive.

Governor Flower's pardon of Joseph Barondess, the leader of the striking cloakmakers, whose sentence to the Penitentiary was recently affirmed by a majority of the Court of Appeals Judges, fortunately cannot wholly neutralize the lesson of the conviction. Among the petitions for "Executive clemency" was one signed by five of the convicting jurymen. Considering that the Judges of the General Term of the Supreme Court, as well as five of those on the Appeals bench, also believed Barondess innocent, it is not unreasonable to assume that he possessed no criminal intention and that the ends of justice are served. The example, it is established, would be decidedly dangerous for others to follow.

Our London correspondent in his cable letter reaffirms his conviction that Parliament will be dissolved at the end of June. The current belief in London among the best-informed observers seems to be that Mr. Gladstone will have a majority in the next Parliament. Whether it will be large enough to overawe the House of Lords and to force the passage of a Home-Rule bill is a matter for conjecture. Very much, undoubtedly, will depend upon Mr. Gladstone's physical condition during the Midlothian canvass. If he can make a few of his old-time speeches and can succeed in convincing English constituencies that his method of settlement will be cordially accepted by the Irish people as full and satisfactory, the majority will be likely to be large rather than small.

THE RETIREMENT OF MR. BLAINE.

The sudden and unexpected resignation of Mr. Blaine, promptly accepted by the President, injects another element of surpassing interest into the already tense and complicated situation at Minneapolis. But this new development, though startling, and in its first suggestions sensational, does not under calm consideration appear unnatural or astonishing. The truth is that the course of events during the last few weeks has inevitably produced a tension of feeling in the Republican party of which neither the President nor the Secretary could fail to be aware, and under which their relations could not remain altogether unchanged. This fact discredits neither of them. It is simply an expression of human nature. Each has known that a great number of Republicans have evidently believed that the nomination of the other would most surely promote the success of the party and the welfare of the country, and knowing this they could not escape a sense of embarrassment in their official and personal relations. Much sympathy will naturally be felt for the President, whose splendid record a large portion of the country has assumed would be crowned in a few days by renomination, that this break with the Secretary should occur at so critical a moment both for him and for the Republican party. But it is unnecessary to assume that their mutual respect has been impaired or that, whatever the result of the Minneapolis Convention may be, any sense of irritation will survive the withdrawal of Mr. Blaine from the Cabinet.

What the immediate consequences may be, it is impossible to foretell. It is not improbable, in the view of many, that this break in the Cabinet may really strengthen rather than weaken the President's prospects. We may be certain that the political prophets are all busy, and that in this case, as generally, predictions will take the cue from hope. It will be said by some that the retirement of Mr. Blaine from the office of Secretary of State removes the last doubt of his willingness to accept a higher office, and guarantees his nomination for the Presidency with his full consent. Others will interpret it as a confirmation and renewal of his February announcement that his name would not go before the Convention—as a final relinquishment of public station at a time when continuance in office might have encouraged expectations which could not be fulfilled. There may be not a few who, having a natural propensity for dark horses, will promptly and cheerfully put their faith in some unheralded candidate. There is not the slightest objection to these prognostications. They are marks of the eager and friendly turmoil out of which the welcome certainties of the future are evolved. One of them is sure to come true, and that, we are frank to say, is as far as we can see into the situation. Certainly neither the resignation nor its acceptance makes President Harrison or Mr. Blaine less worthy of the great office whose occupant for the next four years is about to be chosen. And it is equally certain that the delegates at Minneapolis should not allow personal prejudices or preferences to influence their judgment. They have in their keeping the interests of the Republican party, and the welfare of the entire country, and it behooves them to take ample time to consider the new situation and devise the best means of securing the success of the principles for which the party will stand in the approaching election.

Whatever the future has in store for Mr. Blaine, his past at least is secure. He retires from the State Department in assured possession of enduring renown. In that arduous and delicate place he has preserved the traditions and kept unblemished the honor of the country. He has won the love and gratitude of the Nation and the admiration of the world by his conduct of international affairs, and he has identified himself with a great domestic policy the fruits of which are already seen to be splendid and lasting. The reputation which he possessed as legislator, party leader and patriot when he entered President Harrison's Cabinet he has fortified and expanded as Secretary of State. The people have no gift to bestow which could enhance his fame.

STATE CARE OF THE INSANE.

The law of 1890, placing the insane paupers of the State under State care, has now been in force long enough to enable one to form a fairly correct estimate of its practical efficiency. The new policy, as our readers are aware, was adopted after a comparatively short but an uncommonly earnest fight. The bill providing for it first made its appearance in the Legislature of 1888, but failed to pass either house. The next year the bill got through the Senate, but died in the Assembly. In 1890 it became a law. Considering how stubbornly it was opposed from first to last by the champions of the county-care policy—most of whom were impelled to do their best by considerations not wholly unconnected with bread and butter—its success signally attested the power of an aroused public sentiment.

How does the State-care policy work? Does it meet the best expectations? Two of the State Commissioners of Lunacy who have just been inspecting the Buffalo State Hospital, while not directly answering these questions, throw considerable light upon them. Mr. Brown, one of the Commissioners, tells "The Buffalo Commercial" that one effect of the operation of the law has been to do away with the distinction which existed before its passage between chronic and acute insane. Under the old law an insane person after a short confinement in a State hospital could be certified as chronic insane and transferred to a county poorhouse or to Willard or Binghamton. On this point Mr. Brown remarks:

> The transfer of the insane to the county houses and to Willard and Binghamton became looked upon by even the insane themselves as an acknowledgment of their incurability, and the inhumanity of giving diseased human beings up thus as incurable appealed to all the better sentiments of sane people and gave rise at times to excited and angry protests. All this is done away with by the State-Care Act and the hospital now receives the patient to care for until he recovers, is discharged to friends or dies. There are no dreaded transfers to special institutions for incurables. Willard and Binghamton have been greatly improved as a result and the idea of cure and not merely care dominates the treatment.

It certainly needs no argument to show that here is a decided reform—a reform in the interest of those who have the strongest claims upon human sympathy, the insane poor. One of the leading arguments brought to bear against the State-Care bill while it was pending in the Legislature related to the expense which it would involve. Our lawmakers were given to understand that if the measure became a law the demand for additional accommodations for the insane in the State asylums would be so great that to meet it would go far toward bankrupting the treasury. Commissioner Brown shows how little there was in this allegation. In 1891 the Commission reported to the Legislature that the additional accommodations would cost $454,000. This sum was to make provision for 827 beds. The opposition shook its head and insisted that the sum was much too small to pay for so many beds. But Mr. Brown reports that "out of this appropriation for 827 beds we shall really secure sufficient provision for 850." It is to be gathered from this that the cost of the new policy need not disturb the sleep even of conservative taxpayers. "The Commercial" reporter gained from the Commissioner some interesting information upon another phase of the subject. In response to a question, Mr. Brown stated that by October of this year the State would be called upon to care for 8,333 insane persons, "and as the accommodations already existing and provided for by appropriations made, and which will take shape long before October 1, 1893, are equal to the demands of 8,385 patients, we shall have an excess of accommodations over patients on that date of 49, and this will compel no hospital to take more than the number for which it has a certified capacity." Mr. Brown added that this is the first time in the history of this State when it could be said that the provisions for the care of the insane were adequate to the demand.

All this is gratifying. The new policy was good in theory—a notable outcome of level-headed philosophy. But unlike some excellent theories, it lends itself to practice, thus disarming its opponents.

DEPRAVITY, NOT JUSTICE.

The Port Jervis mob has been tried by public opinion at home and in all this part of the country and found guilty of a detestable crime. On that point no doubt whatever exists. In that furious crowd of murderers were some men who have led decent lives and possess at least common intelligence, and who yet acquiesced in the brutal work; but the testimony is conclusive that the malignant purpose was formed, the passionate impulse encouraged and the act of vengeance accomplished by and among a crowd of young ruffians, many of them thieves and loafers by choice, and not a few of them drunk at the time. In one sense they disgraced the town and State in which they live, but it is more nearly the truth to say that they disgraced only themselves. When such an act is performed by the real leaders of the community and is approved by public sentiment, then indeed the community is disgraced. This is not such a case. Not one word has been said by any intelligent and respectable citizen in defence of the lynching or the lynchers. They stand condemned and detested by all whose good opinion is worth having. While our brethren in other States are discussing this occurrence, not without sneers at the contrast which they think they see between profession and performance at the North, they should take this fact into consideration, that the whole force of public sentiment in this region is against this crime and these criminals. They may never be brought to punishment, for the obstacles to a successful prosecution are many, but they will not be protected by decent men and women.

There may have been times when, in the absence or the utter collapse of the machinery of justice, self-preservation depended upon the swift exercise of unlawful authority—that is, of authority never bestowed by statute. And men who are ready at all times to liberate their passions in acts of violence expect to find justification by citing such extraordinary precedents. In reality they are not precedents at all. The incidents of the bloody performance at Port Jervis reveal its real character and quality. The negro was not merely hanged without a trial or a warrant; he was stoned, beaten, trampled on, subjected to inexpressible torture by men who had no thought of justice or public safety, nor any desire to preserve even a faint show of decency in the execution of their purpose, but who found a rapture in their own brutality and in the agony of their victim, and thus exposed only the vilest possibilities of human nature, unqualified by so much as a semblance of virtue. And this fundamental depravity, sometimes better disguised, characterizes the workings of lynch law wherever it is administered. That is the truth, bitter perhaps, but wholesome, which it behooves every citizen to know and to remember. Life and honor and public order are not safer, but more precarious in Port Jervis because a brutal crime was brutally avenged on Thursday. The injury can be repaired only by the consequences of renewed devotion to the law.

COLUMBUS AND HIS CRITICS.

A critical and inquisitive age has its own characteristic way of honoring the genius of a man of action. This is the Columbus year, when the discovery of the New World is commemorated as the turning-point of modern civilization and industrial progress; but so merciless are the processes of literary dissection and historical analysis that little remains of the noble idealist and heroic Admiral whose faith and courage were rewarded by the first sighting of San Salvador. Dr. Justin Winsor, Dr. Charles K. Adams and a swarm of lesser writers have introduced to readers of their time a Columbus who bears no resemblance either to the hero of the sea, whose portrait was drawn by Washington Irving, or to the accomplished Italian courtier and pioneer of colonization, whose character was idealized by Sir Arthur Helps. In the place of the inspired adventurer whose career was directed by intellectual power and moral purpose is left a cowering and abject figure, contemptible in life and pitiable in death. The critical method of writing history and unravelling traditions has marked advantages over the romantic style once in favor, but it deprives the world of much of the inspiration of idealism.

It is necessary, of course, to adapt literary studies to the requirements of a practical, prosaic age. If Columbus was a pirate and a slave-trader in his youth, a sordid and treacherous adventurer in his prime, and a cruel and murderous oppressor of the natives whom he found in the New World, the facts must be told without mawkish sentiment. If his ideas were borrowed from Toscanelli and from the author of the "Imago Mundi," so that his westward cruise was not an original conception, the credit for the initiative impulse must be placed where it belongs. If he neglected to pay his debts in Portugal, or if he cheated the honest sailor who was the first to sight land out of the reward promised from the throne and forced his shipmates to make oath to a lie, the truth of history must be vindicated. If he was the most selfish of gold-hunters, the most heartless of captains, and the most oppressive and rapacious of viceroys, the record of his baseness, fiendish crimes and despicable greed must be made up. If his old age was passed in shame and neglect, and if he died in the knowledge that his name was abhorred in the New World by the simple-minded races whom he had barbarously dealt with, it is the realism of modern historical methods which has stripped from his character the fantastic disguises of a spurious romanticism. Deep into the very grave have his critics plunged in their energy to expose shams and to dispel illusions. The bullet which was once imbedded in his body they have found in the chancel of the Cathedral at San Domingo, and by a rigid scrutiny of the inscriptions have demonstrated that the wrong casket was transferred to Havana and that his ashes are not where they are reputed to be.

But when literary criticism has finished its work and disqualified Columbus for canonization as a saint or for citizenship in the world of morals, the spirit of the intrepid man of action still defies destructive analysis. The New World was essential to the development of the civilization of the Old World pulsating and trembling with suppressed activity after the storm and stress of the Reformation. Columbus found his way to it. Whether the idea was his or the Florentine cartographer's, it dominated his life of intrigue and adventure, and enabled him to open new heavens and a new earth for the energies and rivalries of Christendom. A tempest-tossed Cabral driven from the Portuguese lines of navigation by continuous bad weather discovered Brazil by accident, and his achievement stands for maritime luck, and is not associated with intellectual pre-eminence. Columbus was the typical man of action of the modern age, since a supreme idea had mastered him, and his life was spent in working it out in unknown lands and waters. It matters not that he blundered; that he made four long cruises to the Spanish Indies, yet died in ignorance of the real nature of his discoveries, imagining that it was Asia rather than a New World that he had reached. His fame takes in the whole compass of an achievement unparalleled in history for the changes wrought in human destiny. His was pre-eminently a conquest of idealism rendered possible by an unrivalled genius for action. Unceasing as are the labors and refined as are the powers of analysis of the new historical school, the name of Columbus remains one to conjure with. In small ways he may have been a cheat, and in large policies he may not have been humane like Las Casas, but his fame appeals forever to the imagination of men and nations.

PESSIMISM AND OPTIMISM.

So far as this world is concerned, the best of every individual dies with him. Deeds done and books written shadow forth only the pale image of the soul. And, strangely enough, this fact becomes more evident to our consciousness the further we advance along the path of achievement and progress. There are three stages in the development of man. In the first he has emerged from his primitive animalism, and in his new-found consciousness of the universe into which he has been so mysteriously projected he shrinks and cowers before the forces of Nature. It is the age of fetichism, of superstition, of blind insensate fear. Then comes the second stage, when the human animal has learned to exult in his giant-like strength, and, ignorant alike of himself and his environment, thinks himself to be the master of fate. This is the age of the demi-god, of the fabled Hercules, of the berserker and the viking of Northern Europe, when men thought that the problem of life was to be worked out by brute strength alone, and when the only heaven of which they could conceive was the heaven of Mahomet or the Northman's Valhalla, peopled with slaughtering heroes. The third and last stage is that upon which we are now entering, when the higher possibilities of our own nature and of the universe are unfolding themselves before us, when our very progress in intuition and culture and knowledge serves but to give us a truer conception of our ephemeral littleness, and when, in viewing the majestic sweep of Nature's plan, the truth of the poet's word comes home to us,

> "So careful of the type she seems,
> So careless of the single life."

And thus we get to realize the puzzling paradox, that when we have shown ourselves to be strongest we know ourselves to be weakest; when we have conquered the heights of knowledge we discern still loftier peaks to be scaled, and when we have proved ourselves to be a little lower than the angels we have also discovered in our nature a kinship with the beast that perishes. Even the Sacred Book, which most of us reverence as the divine word of God, echoes for us the cry of despair which instinctively comes to our lips: "For that which befalleth the sons of men befalleth beasts; even one thing befalleth them. As the one dieth, so dieth the other; yea, they have all one breath, so that a man hath no prominence above a beast, for all is vanity. All go into one place; all are of the dust, and all turn to dust again."

But, fortunately for the progress and happiness of the race, this is not the true nor the final philosophy of life. The counsel of the despairing and outworn cynic finds no answer in our better nature. Even while we listen to it in the hour of failure and humiliation, we are dimly conscious of its falsehood. Some one, we believe, has said that if there were no such thing as religion the welfare of the race demands that a religion should be invented. We can forgive the cynicism of the remark because of the essential truth it contains. No man, whatever may be his attitude toward Christianity as a system of theology, can fail to realize its inestimable value as a bridge of hope, as a stimulus to endeavor, as a sweetening and ennobling influence in human life. It has blotted out the despairing wail of the Preacher, quoted above, and has substituted for it a word of hope, of courage, of faith in man and his possibilities. Pessimism, it may be, is human, as they tell us. But optimism is divine, and because it is divine is most truly and essentially human. "Look up and not down; look forward and not backward; look out and not in, and lend a hand," will continue to stand as the true gospel of life when all the helpless cynicisms of our overwrought civilization shall have been buried in the oblivion they foreshadow.

Nor can we look at the world to-day without seeing the latent protest against the epitaph which pessimism would write for humanity. We shrink from the oblivion of individualism. Knowing the transitoriness of the single life, we refuse to stand by ourselves, and on our own merits challenge remembrance or fame. And so we organize ourselves into societies and clubs and associations in order thus to make our individual efforts tell in the great hurly-burly we call life. Underlying them all, especially the greatest of them, the Church, is the thought of brotherhood, with its inspiring lessons of mutual help and common endeavor. And as we thus realize the divine possibilities of the race, a truer and nobler conception of the individuals composing it comes to us, and our hearts re-echo those noble words of the poet,

> Thou wilt not leave us in the dust;
> Thou madest man, he knows not why;
> He thinks he was not made to die:
> And Thou hast made him: Thou art just.

Dr. Parkhurst will have a busy vacation if he carries out the plans he has framed for studying the criminal systems of London and Paris this summer, and the methods of paving, street-cleaning and the like. More than that, he intends to keep in close communication with the society of which he is the president, and will in a sense direct its work during his absence. These things are, of course, aside from the main purpose of his European trip, which is to secure rest. However, for a healthy mind there is less harm in a vacation full of activity than in one where there is nothing to do. With a complete change of scene and mode of living, and ocean voyages of 6,000 miles, Dr. Parkhurst will doubtless come back next fall in first-rate trim for hard work.

If the junior Senator from New-York should seem thoughtful and reflective for the next two or three days, let no one interrupt his meditations. "There's a heap o' trouble on the old man's mind."

Everybody who goes to Chicago comes back enthusiastic over the prospects for the great Exposition next year. Those who do not go there until after the Fair has been opened must be prepared for a revelation, even if they have seen more than one World's Fair before. It is certainly going to be a big thing—and it will not be merely big; it will also be beautiful. One recent visitor to the site of the Fair says that "the beauty of the buildings and grounds is going to correspond fairly with the colossal scale on which the Exhibition is being laid out, and with the wonderful variety of exhibits." Chicago is doing its part nobly and well; the rest of the country should not fail in its duty toward the Columbian Exposition.

PERSONAL.

Miss Frances E. Willard, the temperance reformer, is about to learn to ride a bicycle. She has had some experience with a tricycle, but now she will use a modern "safety," first taking lessons in a riding school. She is living in Evanston, a suburb of Chicago.

The house at Pau in which Marshal Bernadotte, made King of Sweden by Napoleon, was born, is about to be sold; and his grandson and successor will probably be staying at Biarritz, close by, at the time. It is a one-story building, bearing a tablet suitably inscribed.

The wife of Secretary Elkins has founded and endowed a home for poor children at Deer Park, Md., having become deeply impressed with the need of such an institution. Her sympathies had been deeply stirred by various cases requiring surgical aid in the neighborhood of her residence. One little boy she sent to a Baltimore hospital for treatment and paid his expenses for two years.

General Lord Wolseley, at Sebastopol, lost an eye and received a severe wound, the trace of which is clearly visible on his cheek to-day. He was then a young engineer officer and stood in the advance line of entrenchments sketching a plan of the works, when a round shot struck near him, shattered a gabion full of stones, killed two men and threw Lord Wolseley to the ground. A recently published article quotes him as saying: "I was carried into camp. My left cheek was lying on my jacket—I thought my jawbone was broken. I was hit all over the face, riddled with the stones and flint. They got me to the doctor's hut—through which a stream of wounded were passing all night—aye, we were losing a battalion a day then. They wanted to patch me up, but I wouldn't let them. I whispered that I had something in my cheek. They said it was my jawbone. But it was not. For the very next morning a sergeant gave me, wrapped in a newspaper, a piece of flint two and a half inches long, which they had pulled out of my cheek with a pair of dentist's forceps."

That the contest of Arthur W. Tufts's will is to prove a serious matter is doubted by "The Boston Herald," which declares that the testator was "one of the most thoughtful, clear-headed and sagacious of business men. He was the last man to be influenced against his judgment, and there were no influences about him that those familiar with the facts would suspect of attempting to do so. He had no children, and his property was willed to his wife, who was also his cousin, and one of the most estimable of ladies. Her nieces, to whom half of it was left in trust as residuary legatees, had lived in Mr. Tufts's family from very early youth and were really in their practical relations to him the same as daughters. Mrs. Tufts's sister, to whom a quarter of it was bequeathed in a like contingency, is Mrs. Capron, who had been many years a missionary to India. Mr. Tufts was himself a member of the American Board of Foreign Missions and was much interested in the missionary cause. It is probable he had this in mind in his bequest to Mrs. Capron."

Senator Proctor, of Vermont, has been rusticating in the Adirondacks this last week.

Mr. Justice Field, of the United States Supreme Court, has taken a cottage at Newport.

THE TALK OF THE DAY.

The fact that Bishop Brooks still goes around in a "bob-tailed coat" is a source of deep grief to a small knot of extreme High Churchmen, who feel that in some way or other Episcopal dignity is thereby compromised. Still, the world revolves as usual, and Bishop Brooks seems to be gaining the respect of pretty nearly everybody.

"Oh, by the way, Mrs. Sleenby called to-day," exclaimed Mrs. Cute, "and do you know, her stories about her stomach were quite entertaining; it was so long since I heard of them, you know."—(Boston Transcript.

An old-time English parish clerk was much aggrieved because the new rector, a young man with modern ideas, asked all the congregation to join in the responses. "They'll soon be no work left for the church clerk to do," he grumbled, "if all they women and brats be allowed to take the words out o' a man's mouth."

Rosamond—Oh, dear! what a wretched memory I have! There's my dentist's appointment this afternoon, and I've just remembered it.
Gertrude—Well, I don't see but what you thought of it in time.
Rosamond—That's just it; I didn't want to remember it till to-morrow.—(Harvard Lampoon.

A Boston girl who recently went to Bermuda had her sister take her Sunday-school class. "Where is our teacher?" asked one of the boys on the first Sunday. "She is gone to Bermuda," was the reply. "And where is that?" was the further question. "Why, don't you know?" replied the sister. "It is where the onions come from." "Whew, what a breath she will have," retorted the young heathen.

Decidedly Different.—Mrs. Billus—Why don't you pay it and say nothing, John? I wouldn't make so much fuss over a doctor bill.
Mr. Billus (cross-eyed with wrath)—I didn't say doctor bill, Maria! I said doctored bill. It's from the gas company!—(Chicago Tribune.

Church Worker—And how did you like the singing of our choir?
Visiting Stranger (anxious to be polite)—Well, the members didn't allow their efforts to be diverted by the mere mechanical accuracy of the organ.

The male wasp never stings; but so long as he and his sister are twins and dress alike this bit of knowledge availeth not.—(Brandon Bucksaw.

Baron Kelvin, who, as Sir William Thomson, achieved fame as a scientist, has been honored by the English Board of Trade, which has adopted Kelvin as the name for the unit of electrical energy.

Come to His Senses.—"You used to say I was your angel, but I never hear any such speeches now."
"Because I know you are not. And I'm mighty glad of it. Nice running mate I would be for an angel, wouldn't I?"—(Indianapolis Journal.

Higher critics and others who are trying to set the world right ought to make sure that they are understood. It is told of a worthy timber merchant in England, who had been reading a great deal of the recent Biblical criticism, that he expressed himself as very much relieved to find that he need not believe as much as he used to believe. Being asked to come to particulars, he instanced Noah's Ark. This vessel, he said, was 450 feet long, 70 feet broad, and 45 feet high. And was filled with live animals, most of them very heavy. And for his part, he never could fully believe that the Israelites could have carried it about with them forty years in the wilderness. So he was thankful to the higher critics for having shown him that he need not any longer try to believe it.

An English journal says that the doors of the Bank of England are now so finely balanced that the clerk, by pressing a knob under his desk, can close the outer doors instantly, and they cannot be opened again, except by special process. This is done to prevent the daring and ingenious unemployed of the great metropolis from robbing the famous institution. The bullion department of this and other great English banking establishments are nightly submerged in several feet of water by the action of the machinery. In some of the London banks the bullion departments are connected with the manager's sleeping rooms, and an entrance cannot be effected without setting off an alarm near the person's head. If a dishonest official during the day or night should take even as much as one from a pile of 1,000 sovereigns the whole pile would instantly sink and a pool of water take its place, besides letting every person in the establishment know of the theft.

Saving Clause.—"Gone forever!" he sighed, laying down his last coin, a $10 gold piece. "There goes my only eagle, wings and all!"
"Yes," said the business-like man who had called, as he handed over a receipted document, "but you can keep the bill, you known."—(Chicago Tribune.

THE WEEK IN SOCIETY.

With a temperature decidedly torrid, the few entertainments of the week have been such as could be given out of doors. Garden parties, country weddings and concerts on the roof-garden have absorbed the attention of many of the fashionable world. Those who were fortunate enough to receive invitations for Mrs. S. V. R. Cruger's day in the country at Idlesse Farm gladly availed themselves of an opportunity to pass Decoration Day in such a delightful manner. If any people remained away fearing bad weather, these were sadly disappointed to learn from those who had braved the threatened storm that the day was almost cloudless at Idlesse Farm. The trip on the boat was calculated to give a good appetite, and Bayville was hailed with delight by the hungry passengers of the Laura M. Starin, the steamboat chartered by Colonel Cruger for his New-York guests. Idlesse stands on 100 acres of meadow and woodland on the shores of Oyster Bay. The entertainment on Monday was practically a house-warming, for only a few of Colonel and Mrs. Cruger's friends had seen the beautiful colonial structure, built with broad and uneven wings and spacious rooms. The marble hall, with its Doric columns, was greatly admired, as was also Mrs. Cruger's boudoir, which opens out of the ballroom, and the cheerful dining-room, hung in rich red brocade and old portraits. The ballroom is spacious and as large as that at Tuxedo. A substantial breakfast was served as soon as the guests arrived by the steamboat. Others came from yachts anchored in the bay, and a number drove over from Hempstead. The Virginia reel, danced on the lawn, after luncheon, made a picture. The steamboat arrived in New-York before 8 o'clock in the evening, and two hours later many of Mrs. Cruger's guests of the morning were seen on the roof of the Madison Square Garden building.

The principal weddings of the week have taken place in the country. There was a general rush out of town on Wednesday, many brides taking advantage of the first day of June. The largest party to leave town that day took the special train of cars which started soon after 10 o'clock for Staatsburg, where at St. Margaret's Church Miss Helen Gray Dinsmore was married to Robert Palmer Huntington, jr. The details of the wedding were perfect, and what is unusual, the special train made the best of time, arriving back in New-York at the exact hour mentioned on the invitations, 6:30 o'clock. The Locusts, the country estate which has been in the possession of the Dinsmore family for forty years, is an ideal place for wedding festivities, and after the ceremony in the new Church of St. Margaret, the first wedding celebrated there, a fine luncheon was served with comfort to all who had made the journey from town, and the great heat in the cars was soon forgotten in the surroundings of the house, through which a generous breeze swept while the guests were being served seated at small tables. The bride and bridegroom, with ushers, best man and bridesmaids all sat at a large table in the dining-room, and as soon as the repast was over they went to the lawn in front of the house to dance the Virginia reel. A few minutes before 4 o'clock Mr. Huntington and his bride started on a driving trip to the Adirondacks.

Another party on the same day went to Tuxedo Park for the wedding of Miss Emily Bruce Price to Edwin Main Post, which took place at the artistic house of the brides's father, Bruce Price, who designed not only his own house but many others at Tuxedo Park. The ceremony was performed on the broad piazza, which had been screened off from the glare of the bright daylight with mountain laurel and dogwood blossoms. Bishop Whipple, a relative of the bridegroom, officiated. The bridesmaids, a quartet of pretty girls, were dressed in green and white, and held sunshades of white chiffon with Dresden handles, gifts of the bride. The members of the college fraternity to which the bridegroom belongs were present, and held the ribbons which formed the aisle for the bridal party. The guests included the Post family, the Tuxedo colony and relatives of the bride from Baltimore and New-York. The engagement, several times reported, of Miss Sadie Price, of Baltimore, one of the bridesmaids and a cousin of the bride, to Archibald Pell, of New-York, was formally announced at the wedding. They will be married in the fall. Mr. and Mrs. Post will take an apartment in New-York for the winter.

A special train of drawing-room cars took about 150 people from New-York to Yonkers on Thursday morning for the wedding of Miss Mary Tallmadge Trevor to Grenville Lindall Winthrop. The bride inherited a fortune of some millions from her father, and the bridegroom is one of the grandsons of Moses Taylor, a successful merchant, who left a great estate. The company assembled in St. John's Church for the ceremony was most brilliant, many handsome summer costumes being worn. It was a white and yellow wedding, roses being the distinctive flower. After the ceremony carriages and omnibuses took the guests to Glenview, the country home of the Trevors, where Pinard served breakfast. The wedding gifts were shown, but, contrary to the custom of to-day, the cards of the givers were removed. Mr. and Mrs. Winthrop will take a house in town next winter. A quiet wedding took place at Hempstead, L. I., on Thursday, when Miss Clara Wright, a daughter of Mrs. Isaac Wright, was married to Henry P. Taller, of New-York. Only the relatives of the pair and intimate friends of the Hempstead colony were present. Mr. and Mrs. Taller will probably live at Tuxedo.

Mrs. R. W. Montgomery, of High Cottage, High Bridge, gave a dinner party on Tuesday evening last in honor of her son, Warwick Emil Montgomery and his bride, who was formerly Miss Ella Horsey, of Washington. Among the other guests were Mrs. William B. Ogden, Miss Horsey, Miss Madeleine Letterman, Mr. and Mrs. Hugh N. Camp, Alfred Conkling, John Rutledge Abney and William P. St. John. Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Montgomery will pass the summer at Bar Harbor, where they have taken a house.

The wedding of Miss Fannie Bostwick to Captain Carstairs, of the Royal Munster Rifles, will take place quietly on Tuesday at noon at the country place of the bride's father, J. A. Bostwick, at Mamaroneck. The wedding party will not number more than fifty people, mainly relatives of the bride.

The wedding of Miss Ethel Deodata Woodward, a daughter of George Evertson Woodward, to Mortimer Lamson Earle, of Columbia College, took place yesterday at noon at St. George's Church, Stuyvesant Square. The officiating clergymen were the Rev. Arthur Brooks, rector of the Church of the Incarnation, and the Rev. Theodore Sedgwick. The bride was given away by her father. The maid of honor was Miss Adele Woodward, a sister of the bride. William Ogden Wylie was best man. The ushers were Edward Lyddon Patterson, Thornton Earle, a cousin of the bridegroom; Lincoln Cromwell and Benjamin Duryea Woodward, brother of the bride. A wedding breakfast for the bridal party and relatives followed at the home of the bride's parents, No. 402 West Twenty-second-st. Among the guests at the ceremony and breakfast were Mr. and Mrs. G. E. Woodward, Mr. and Mrs. Milan Hurlbert, Mr. and Mrs. E. G. Putnam, Mr. and Mrs. Charles Parsons, Mr. and Mrs. Benjamin Mortimer, Miss Mortimer, the Misses de Moulin and Mr. and Mrs. T. B. Starr.

Frederick Schaefer, Miss Rose Schaefer and Miss Gertrude Chatillon sailed for Europe last week. They will spend the summer at Homburg and Kissingen.

A pretty wedding took place at the home of Thomas A. Gere, No. 158 St. James Place, Brooklyn, on Thursday, when his daughter, Miss Nettie La Tour Gere, was married to Reuben Seeley Welcome. The bride and bridegroom will enjoy a short tour in Sullivan County, and return to enter their home in Nostrand-ave. The guests included the Rev. J. Buchanan, pastor of Pemberton, N. J., Baptist Church; Mr. and Mrs. George E. Lewis, Mrs. W. H. Rudd, Mrs. E. Y. Harris, Mrs. Captain M. Madero, Miss Josephine Madero, Mrs. Edward T. Goff, Miss Avilla Goff, Miss Hattie Ewen, Mr. and Mrs. Olsen and Mr. E. R. Fitcher, of Brooklyn; Miss Susie Parse, Miss Lizzie Paff, Mr. and Mrs. Thomas M. Paff, jr., and Mr. Charles Grant, of Scotch Plains, N. J.; Mr. and Mrs. George Winne and Mr. and Mrs. Henry Clark, of Cherry Hill, N. J.

On Thursday at high noon, in Grace Church Chantry, Miss Edith Thomson, daughter of Mrs. Mason Thomson, of No. 56 Irving Place, was married to George Williamson Mann, of Colorado. The bridesmaid was Miss Miriam Pyle, of Philadelphia, and the bridegroom's best man was his brother, Robert Carter Mann.

AID FOR THE SHIPWRECKED.

To the Editor of The Tribune.

Sir: The usual rush of transatlantic travel has begun, and we must remind our friends on the steamships of the claims of work done by the Blue Anchor Society for those who may suffer from wreck or disaster at sea, even if they escape with their lives; for alas! summer weather does not always bring immunity from storms. While warmly thanking those who have so far most generously aided us to do this work, we must ask, Why do not all, all steamship companies, help us in this charity? We cannot forget that the first collection on board of any vessel given to the Women's National Relief Association was taken on the Gallia, of the Cunard Line, then commanded by the gallant Captain Hains. Captain Hains was one of our best friends for years, and we keenly feel his defection. We never neglected to acknowledge most gratefully his good work, and neither the United States Life-Saving Service nor the Women's Relief Association ever stops to ask the nationality of the people in distress whom they rush so eagerly to serve. Why then should the Cunard Line owners or officers hesitate to give a share (which is all we ask) of the collections to this American charity, which is in truth international, as proven by aid given by the Blue Anchor at Deal Beach to the ship Windemere, consigned to the Cunard Line? This surely proves the need of our work, and but for the grand and constant response of the Inman, Guion and coast lines, the Blue Anchor would not have been able to give help. We hope Captain Hains and other friends on foreign lines will recognize the reasonableness of our appeal, and divide collections with us accordingly. Americans patronize these steamers so largely and give so liberally that they ought to have a word to say as to the recipients of their generosity.

MRS. GABRIEL KENT,
President Blue Anchor.
N. L. CORT, Treasurer.